

Written for the Sunday Morning Bazaar.

MY MOTHER.

Old Time has scattered snowflakes upon thy dear old brow.
Nath plowed deep furrows on thy cheek, yet beautiful thou art even now.
Thy lips are thin and shrunken, yet those lips have kissed the tears
That have trickled down my childish cheek in my troubled boyhood years.
And to me they are the sweetest lips that ever pressed the forehead
Of mortal, since created by that God who reigneth o'er head.
Thine eyes are dimmed with age, yet glow with a radiance soft of love,
Such as angels' eyes might envy, in the Heavens high above.
Thy hands are running out, and soon thou'lt hear the voice:
"Well done thou faithful servant, enter thou in, rejoice!"
But the memory of your love will live as long as life
Of life nor death, nor distance, time, can ever efface my mother.

M. F. A.

HE MET HIS MATCH.

As a rule, detectives do not care to relate incidents in which they have figured unsuccessfully, but the following story illustrates the cleverness with which they often have to deal:
I was in Paris enjoying a few weeks vacation. Among the acquaintances which I picked up there was a certain Francois Dalton, a lawyer.

To say how I became acquainted would be rather puzzling. The proffered cigar, an exchange of newspapers, or a passing recognition, had ripened under his friendly gaiety into familiarity.

I had passed more than one evening in his snug office in Rue de Ligne, where he received his clients.

He remarked one evening, with his irresistible smile:

"Ah, monsieur, how would you like a scamper across the continent?"

"Well enough," said I, "but my funds—"

"Do not speak of money. I can offer you a splendid chance to combine business and pleasure."

"Indeed! May I ask where and how?"

"Twenty miles beyond Buda—on the Danube—at Kisochatti, a beautiful manor."

"Well."

"You will simply take charge of the only son of a wealthy baron, Emil Von Magar, adding in his bright, bland way, "He is but fifteen, and has been placed in a Paris school; but alas disease has developed itself, and the father has determined to recall him. It is important that he should seek the quiet of his native valley."

Another questioning brought out the facts that a liberal sum per week and expenses were to be paid, and that it might require some caution to pass through Austria—for Hungary, where the baron lived, was then under ban. The baron, it seems, was already suspected of complicity in plots, and the son had small discretion of speech.

It chimed in well with my inclinations. I desired greatly to see the home of that proud Magyar people, of whom Kosuth was so noble an example.

"Really," thought I, "this is lucky. I am to be paid for doing the very thing I long for."

As it was necessary to have a passport, I, in company with Francois Dalton, visited the school where Emil was at present.

On entering the apartment, from the lawyer's description, I at once recognized the lad among some forty or fifty other youths. There could be no mistaking his sharp features, raven hair and black eyes.

"This is the gentleman, Emil, who has consented to take you home," said the lawyer.

Emil looked into my face with a questioning glance, and then gripping my hand, said with such outspoken sincerity that I felt drawn to him at once:

"Sir, I shall have no fear with you."

It was the hearty expression of an unsophisticated mind. Dalton then spoke:

"He is an American and will be kind to you. Remember to obey him exactly."

"Then he hates the Austrians! He is one of that nation where a law is free; where our grand Kosuth was treated like a prince! This good American shall see how noble people are treated by the despotic tyrants."

"Hush, hush, Emil; you must not talk like this!" Then, turning to me, he said: "The very children of that proud race are filled with a deep sense of wrong."

"Not to be wondered at," said I, as I recalled the accounts which M. Dalton had given me.

"When I am a man," exclaimed the handsome lad, "I will kill Austrians—they are not fit to live!"

"Emil," I soothingly replied, "my dear boy, repress this feeling, or you never shall reach your home alive."

The following day I and my charge started. In due time we reached Vienna. A hundred miles up the Danube and we shall beat the baron's castle.

Uneventful days they were. I actually suffered with the emotion of my little friend; I learned to admire his proud spirit, as I watched his flashing eyes, whenever he spoke of his beloved

country, or when he shrank from the questioning of some distrustful official.

I saw his quivering lip and distended nostril when, after some of the close questioning of an Austrian officer, he sank back in his seat, muttering:

"I trust all to the good American."

After dinner, I stood on the doorstep of my hotel, and was accosted by a police agent, asking me about my passport.

"I have never been in Austria before," I said; "but in France I have given a gendarme a couple of francs to take my papers to the bureau of police."

"The same may here be done," the official politely answered.

Happy to be rid of the journey, I submitted the document. He hurried off, after comparing the description.

After Emil, who was greatly fatigued, retired, I started to the Grand Opera house, and gave myself up to the enjoyment of the splendid music.

I presume I had been there half an hour when a tap on the shoulder called my attention.

"Your passport?"

I explained matters, but to no purpose. The official was obdurate. I must go to the police bureau and account for myself. Going around with him to the hotel, I learned that the paper had not yet been returned.

"Well," I thought, "it will be all right. I can explain matters to the chief."

In vain I pleaded the unprotected condition of my charge. To prison I must go. Once inside the bars, I felt how often I had been instrumental in placing others there. I was mad as a hornet—mad enough to bite a nail in two. I have often since thought of the proverb, "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," but it did not occur to me then.

When morning came I found my anger rising high. I demanded to be taken before the American consul.

When we (for the police had me still in tow) reached the embassy, I began to feel improved in spirits, as I thought of the American eagle, the stars and stripes, and other inspiring thoughts.

I meant to give our proud bird a chance to soar a little, and strike off in a second the Austrian chains.

An emaciated, spindly youth, with eyeglasses was present, scanning the Herald. The exquisite never turned a hair at my entrance. He went on reading, giving an occasional yawn.

I ventured a delicate little cough as a signal that I was anxious to interview one of the tail-feathers of the American eagle.

Not a quiver in the attitude of the dandy.

I was not accustomed to such impertinence, so I let out a little plain Yankee talk.

Down went the newspaper; the gold eye-glasses were directed toward me; a drawing voice informed me that the chief of the embassy was away.

The old Adam in me grew as big as a circus tent, and I yelled:

"You are placed here by the American government to afford protection to American subjects—"

"Lord, my good man, I can't do nothing!"

"You were placed here either for use or ornament, you little whippersnapper! but you are a dog-gasted failure in either capacity!"

The now frightened clerk drew out again:

"Here, Sam-muel, show this pawson the door!"

Out I rushed, followed by the bewildered Austrian.

I need not tell of four hours additional labor, the result of which was my release, however. I was driven to my hotel. My heart was in my mouth when I learned that Emil was not there.

I visited every hospital and police station in Vienna. All in vain. My heart bled for the poor Hungarian boy—the gentle lad who was doubtless languishing down deep in an Austrian prison.

A day or two of fruitless labor and anxiety followed, until I was compelled to confess myself beaten—I, a Yankee detective.

The poor, trusting youth, with his oft-repeated assurance of faith in the 'good American,' the heart-broken baron, the distracted Dalton—oh, I was in a pretty pickle!

I telegraphed to M. Dalton:

"Emil is lost! For God's sake come on at once!"

I received answer shortly:

"M. Dalton gone. Left no address."

I cursed my carelessness and flashed to the baron Kisochatti:

"Your son has mysteriously disappeared from my charge. Hasten here!"

The answer drove me almost mad:

"Baron von Magar not known; no such place as Kisochatti."

Was I in a dream? I could not sleep for thinking of those big, pleading eyes which seemed to follow me wherever I turned.

I grew haggard, and must eventually have fallen into brain fever, had I not been recalled to Paris by a telegram from one of my own agents.

Not knowing what else to do, I returned to that magnificent city.

The first person I met while stepping off the train, was Philander Phog, an old acquaintance.

He was amazed at my condition, for I had grown thin, and anxiety was doubtless painted on my face.

Philander hurried me to his room, and lashing me fast to a bottle of wine, wanted to know what was up.

I gave him the history of my case.

"What was the date of your departure from Paris?"

"November 17. Wednesday."

"Just a month ago!" he exclaimed.

With a bound, he had taken down a newspaper file and was turning over its pages.

Presently, with a gasp that shook the rafters he fell back into a chair, shouting between his spells:

"Oh, Lord! Oh Lord! The best detective in America taken in—done for!"

The blood rushed to my face as I angrily demanded an explanation; but it was impossible for him to do so.

He rolled over the floor and held his sides.

I gave up, as a natural result—even madder than when I was superciliously treated by the fop at the American legation.

I, too, turned to the newspaper. In an instant I saw it all. I had actually smuggled one of the most adroit little thieves and confidence operators out of Paris—right from under the noses of the police agents.

I had immortalized myself by chaperoning Clara Richat out of reach of justice. The police had tracked her, after the most tedious operations, to a certain point.

Emil was the very princess of adventures—spy, thief, forger and murderer. Her last feat had been to rob the countess de Blazonis of her jewels.

By the connivance of Francois Dalton she had been admitted into the school as a Hungarian boy. At that point the French detective lost her. The cordon of French and Fleming agents were dying to know how and where she crossed the frontier for they had made every point secure.

The proprietor of the school was innocent, and he declared that Emil had been his most docile, his most intelligent pupil.

Mr. Dalton, it has since been ascertained, was the man of reference, the "fence" who directed her game. It was believed that he had eloped with the dashing queen of criminals.

No wonder, indeed, that Philander ejaculated, "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" nor that I beat a hasty retreat from Paris.

The story leaves a bad taste in my mouth to this day. I confess.—Ex.

Premature Loss of the Hair

May be entirely prevented by the use of BERNETT'S COCAINE. No other compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair. It forces the hair when it falls out, it restores the hair when it is thinning off. It gives the hair a healthy growth. It is not given in a sticky, greasy, or oily form. It is a pleasant and effective remedy. It is a favorite of the hairdressers and the best.

A Girl's work at Home.

Michigan Farmer.

Give the girls a chance. They need money and the discipline of earning it as much as the boys. There are fewer employments open to them; they have less chance for their lives. Help them to help themselves. If they have a natural taste for any particular work, educate them for and let them do it, even if it necessitates the hiring of a girl to take their place in the kitchen. In this way the practical value of girls is apt to be realized: there is nothing so convincing as an appeal to the pocket book.

If the daughter shows no inclination toward any particular branch of industry, but serve and save at home, pay them for their work. It amounts to the same thing in the end, you buy them and they make their own purchases; in reality, their greatest gain is independence, in self reliance, in good judgment in purchasing, in decision of character. They are personally interested in spending their own earnings wisely and economically, and in making every dollar do its duty. It is not calculated to foster ones self respect to be obliged to ask of a father or mother for every postage stamp, shoe lace, or box of hair pins; neither is it pleasant to the paternal head to be always dunned for small sums.

If the daughters help is not necessary at home and it is not desirable that she should go away to "do for herself," give her an opportunity to earn something in another way. Let her run the poultry department; help her in starting the enterprise

and conducting it, even if you have to "take her note" for payment.

Many a weak, sickly girl would gain health as well as wealth, keeping bees, raising fruits, or even cultivating a melon patch. There is hardly a hamlet in the state where a girl might not sell from \$150 to \$200 worth of strawberries, raspberries, currants and cherries to those not able or too indifferent to raise them. With work come content, with content happiness born of a healthy activity, and a feeling that one is of use in the world, working and receiving an equivalent reward, able to give, to save, to spend, of one's own honest earnings.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.

Woman can sympathize with Woman.

Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

For all these Painful Complaints and Weaknesses

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous tumors there is checked very speedily by its use. It removes flatulency, distention, destroys all craving for stimulants, and restores weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

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L.S.L.

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